

TERROR



NO. 40
MARCH



TALES

FROM THE

CRYPT

10¢

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



JACK
DOWNS



SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

REB, MIGHT I SEE YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR HORROR AGAIN. WELL, REST ASSURED, YOUR APPETITE WILL BE SATISFIED. IN FACT, WHEN YOU'RE THROWN WITH THIS PUTRID PERIODICAL, YOU WILL HAVE LOST YOUR APPETITE ENTIRELY. SO DON'T JUST STAND THERE GROOLING. COME ON! WELCOME ONE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR. THIS IS YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, YOUR MANSEATING RADIATOR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY TO CHILL YOUR SPINE AND CIRCLE YOUR BLOOD WITH THE SPINE-SHIVERING TALES OF TERROR I SWALL...

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



THE WOMAN PEERS INTO THE SHADOWS, STRAINING TO SEE, HER HEART RACING. THE MAN STEPS INTO THE DRIED GOLD LIGHT, HIS ARMS EXTENDED...



THEY EMBRACE...HEAVILY... PASSIONATELY...HEMORY LIPS... HOLDING CLOSE...



THE MAN LOOKS INTO THE WOMAN'S EYES, GRAY-GREEN IN THE MOONLIGHT. BUT, YOU SAY, YOU CAN ONLY READ THE THOUGHTS IN HIS MIND HE WANTS YOU TO READ!



THE MAN SHAKE HIS HEAD SADLY, STROKING THE WOMAN'S SOFT FLOWING HAIR...



WE DISCOVERED THE ABILITY QUITE BY ACCIDENT MANY YEARS AGO. CARL IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED ITS GREAT VALUE. BEFORE I KNEW IT, WE'D TRAINED HIM A MIND-READING ACT, JOINED THIS TRAVELING CIRCUS, AND WE'RE MARRIED...



MISERABLE! I KNOW NOW THAT CARL NEVER LOVED ME. I WAS HIS SUBJECT... HIS THOUGHT-PROJECTION RECEIVER... A PIECE OF APPARATUS... NOTHING MORE. BUT NOW I KNOW WHAT REAL LOVE IS... NOW THAT I'VE MET FOOL.



NEVER! IF I DO, HIS ACT GOES HE'D NEVER GIVE ME A DIVORCE. THERE'S NO USE MY ASKING!"



THE WIND RIGHS ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS... WHISPERS AROUND THE TENT ROPES, GAPS AGAINST THE CANVAS... CARRYING THE SIGHs, THE WHISPERS, THE GAPEs OF THE LOVERS IN THE SHADOWS AND IN HIS TENT, CARL STIRS LINEARLY... OPENING EYES...

MARTA, MARTA... MARTA! MARTA!

HER BED? IT IS EMPTY? WHERE COULD SHE BE?

CARL SLIPS ON A ROBE AND COMES OUT OF HIS TENT... OUT INTO THE WHISPERS, RUSHING, GASPING WIND... VOICES! COMING FROM BEYOND THE NEW ANIMAL TRAINER'S TENT...

HIS VOICE, AND I... MARTA!



CARL MOVES THROUGH THE MOON-LIT NIGHT, HIS EYES BURNING LIKE HOT COALS... LISTENING...

...AND AT THE END OF THE MONTH WHEN I GET MY CHECK, WE WILL LEAVE YOU AND I... TOGETHER...

OH... YES... YES...

LISTENING TO THE DARKNESS IN HIS WIFE'S VOICE, THE PASSION, THE HUNGER...

BUT LET'S NOT TALK ANYMORE, ERIC, DARLING. HOLD ME CLOSE...

SWEET MARTA...



...AND THEN, SLOWLY, HE RETURNS TO HIS TENT ONCE MORE. HE HAS HEARD ENOUGH...

SHE... SHE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HIM. SHE IS LEAVING ME. SHE... I... I MUST STOP HER!

BUT... NOW...



THE MOONLIGHT STREAMS THROUGH THE OPEN TENT-FLAP... FALLING ACROSS THE PRINT, BLACK LETTERS ON GOLD WHITE... THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER...

WHAT'S THIS?" "EDDIE DRAFFER'S DEAD-TEARED AT LOCAL GRAVE YARD... TORN TO PIECES AS IF ATTACHED BY WILD BEAST!"



OF COURSE! "TORN TO PIECES BY WILD BEAST" THAT'S HOW I CAN STOP HER FROM LEAVING. THAT'S IT!



LATER, WHEN MANTA RETURNS FROM HER RENDEZVOUS, AND CRAWLS BACK INTO ERIC, CARL PRETENDS HE IS ASLEEP.



ONLY AFTER MANTA HAS SLIPPED OFF INTO DEEP SLEEP, DOES CARL STIR... AND RISE... AND SO OUT OF THE TENT...



...AND CROSS DIRECTLY TO THE NEW ANIMAL TRAINER'S TENT WITH GUN IN HAND...

HUH? WHO'S THERE? WHO... GET UP... AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND!



ERIC STUMBLIES TO HIS FEET...

WHAT'S THE MEANING, SO YOU OF THIS, CARL? PUT DOWN THAT GUN! WERE GOING TO RUN OFF WITH MY WIFE, EH, ERICH? WELL, WELL, LET ABOUT THAT MORE!



CARL MOTIONS ERIC OUT OF THE TENT AND DOWN THE LONG SILENT MARCH TOWARD THE BIG-TOP...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CARL?

I, ERICH I'M NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING! YOUR LION WILL DO THE WORK!



THEY CROSS THE TANBARK FLOOR OF THE BIG TOP UNTIL THEY COME TO THE LION CAGE. THE TANBARK BEATS PAGES BACK AND FORTH HUNGERLY...

MY LION/FITTY

YES, ERIC, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN THE CAGE WITH HIM... WITHOUT YOUR KNOB... WITHOUT ANYTHING... JUST YOU AND YOUR LION/FITTY



WITHOUT MY KNOB I'D BE HELPLESS, PARALYZED... UNABLE TO DEFEND MYSELF FOR GOD'S SAKE, ERICH HAVE FITTY!

FITTY IS AN EMOTION BELONGING TO THE PITIFUL, ERIC. GET IN...



CARL PUNCHES OPEN THE BARRICADED DOOR AND PUSHES ERIC SCREAMING AND GOING SPARKLING. THE LION SNARLS...



...AND THEN, THE CIRCUS CROWDS ECHO WITH THE BLOOD-CURLING SHRIEK OF A MAN BEING TORN TO SHREDS BY THE RAZOR-SHARP FANGS OF A BLOOD-CRACKED HEART...



ERIC'S AGONIZED SHRIEK ANNEK MARTA AND SHE LOOKS AROUND WILDERLY...

CARL? WHAT WAS THAT?
CARL? CA...



CARL'S BED IS EMPTY! OUTSIDE THE TENT, FOOTSTEPS FOUND UP THE MISHAP TOWARD THE BARRICADED DOOR. MARTA SLIPS ON A ROPE AND BURSTS FROM THE TENT...

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S DON'T KNOW? HAPPENED?
IT'S COMIN' FROM THE END-TOP!



SHE RUNS WITH THE REST OF THEM... UNTIL THEY COME TO THE LION TRAINER'S CAGE...

BODD LOAD?

ERIK! ERICK!



SHE SCREAMS HIS NAME TWICE, AND THEN SHE JUST STANES THERE, WATCHING THE BEAST LICK AT THE SLASHED AND BARREDOSED BODY UNTIL SHE HAS TO TURN AWAY AS THE MASSIVE MOUTH OVER HER...

HOW DID THE CRAZY FOOL HE MUST HAVE COME OUT HERE TO PRACTICE HIS ACT?

AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
CHOKED



AND THEN, SICK, SHE RETURNS TO HER TENT AND SITS AND WAITS, CRYING, UNTIL CARL COMES IN WITH THAT EVIL GRIN ON HIS COLD IMPENITENT FACE...

YOU DID IT,
BROUGHT YOU!
YOU KILLED
NIMY. YOU KNEW!

DIDN'T YOU HEAR
WHAT THEY SAID,
MANATAPPY SAID
HE MUST HAVE BEEN
PRACTICING HIS
ACT?



BUT THERE IS NO DOUBT IN MARTHA'S MIND AS TO WHO DID THIS. EARL'S BED WAS EMPTY WHEN ERIC SCREAMS AWAKENED HER. THE SHEETS WERE COLD.

I HATE YOU! HATE YOU! YOU WILL GET OVER IT, MARTHA!



THE NEXT DAY'S PERFORMANCE IS CANCELLED BECAUSE OF THE TRADE. THE TENTS ARE LOWERED. THE CIRCUS PREPARES TO MOVE ON.



IT HAPPENS SUDENLY... WITHOUT WARNING. CARL IS HELPING WITH THE DISMANTLING OF THE BIG-TOP WHEN THE MAIN SUPPORT TUMPLERS...

GOOD LORD!



THE HEAVY POLE CRASHES DOWNWARD UPON CARL, PUSHING HIM BENEATH ITS IMPOSITIVE WEIGHT.



AND WHEN THE HEAVY SUPPORT IS LIFTED, CARL LIES DEATHLY STILL. HIS GLAZED EYES STARE...



MARTHA IS SUMMONED. SHE STANDS IMPASSIVELY OVER HER HUSBAND'S BODY, SHEDDING NO TEARS, SHOWING NO SIGN OF EMOTION...



MARTHA'S VOICE IS COLD... CALLOUS... AS SHE ALONE SOMEBODY SEND FOR AN UNDERTAKER...



MARTA LOOKS DOWN AT THE STILL FORM OF HER HUSBAND LYING ON THE TOMBSTONE FLOOR. AND EVEN THOUGH SHE READS HIS THOUGHTS, SHE SHOWS NO SIGNS OF RECOGNITION...



AS THE UNDERTAKER AND HIS ASSISTANT LIFT POOR CARL INTO THE COFFIN, MARTA WOES FORWARD...



AT THE FUNERAL, MARTA STANDS, HER FACE A GRIM MARK, BESIDE THE YAWNING PIT BELOW CARL'S COFFIN...

YOU CAN STOP THEM, MARTA! THERE'S STILL TIME. I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME. I KNOW IT! PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU! DON'T LET THEM BURY ME ALIVE!



AND EVEN THOUGH THE SOIL IS SHOVELLED DOWN UPON THE COFFIN, MARTA'S FRANTIC THOUGHTS NEVER STILL COME THROUGH TO HER. TO HER AND ONLY HER... TO MARTA, WHO TURNS AND WALKS AWAY DOWN THE PATH LEADING OUT OF THE CEMETERY...



THE AFTERNOON MAKES THE NIGHT BREEDS
COMES UP, WHISPERING OVER THE GRAVE MOUNDS,
SIX FEET BELOW, IN HIS COFFIN, CARL CONDON,
TREATED AS THE PRECIOUS CRYSTAL GLOWLY
DISAPPEARS...

MARTA! DON'T DASH! COME SAVE ME!
I'LL DO ANYTHING! ANYTHING! HAVE
PITY ON ME! HAVE PITY!



THE STARS COME OUT, WHITE PIN-POINTS IN A VELVET SHROUD.
A FIGURE MOVES OVER THE GRAVE MOUNDS...

I KNOW YOU ARE READING MY THOUGHTS, MARTA! I KNOW...



A SHOVEL DIPS INTO THE SOFT EARTH...

MARTA!
MARTA,
YOU DID
COMES YOU
DIE?



THE DIGGING CONTINUES, THE SHOVEL SCOOPING AWAY
THE SOFT EARTH. FINALLY THE LID OF THE COFFIN
SWINGS BLACK...

MARTA! DARLING!
OH, LORD... YOU'RE
NOT MARTA!



AND THEN AS CARL LIES HELPLESS...PARALYZED...LIKE A LION-TAMER WITHOUT A WHIP...FEELING THE RAZOR-SHARP TEETH RIPPLING AND TEARING AT HIS FLESH...UNABLE TO SCREAM AT THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN, HE THINKS OF THE NEWSPAPER LYING IN THE MOONLIGHT...THE NEWSPAPER THAT FIRST GAVE HIM THE IDEA OF HOW TO KILL ERIC.

'BOODIES DISINTERRED AT LOCAL GRAVE YARD,
TORN TO PIECES AS IF AT WORKED BY SOME
WILD BEAST!' OH, LORD! THEY WERE BROWN!
THIS IS NO BEAST! IT'S A GHOUl!



HEH, HEH! TEP, KIDDEST CARL
ENDED UP JUST LIKE ERIC...
BEING TORN TO BITS AND
UNABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF.
AS FOR MARTA, SHE READ CARL'S
FINAL THOUGHTS, AND GOT
QUITE A MENTAL PICTURE
OF WHAT WAS GOING ON JUST
ONE MORE THOUGHT ON THIS
WHOLE SUBJECT AS THE POP

GEMETERY FOREMAN
KEPS TELLING
HE FOKE GROW,
ONE THAT GRA-ADY
GRAVE?"
WELL, ERIC
ANSWERS, SO...
"IVE, NOW!"



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HAPPY SALUTATIONS, SITTING SAVORDERS! NOW IT'S TIME FOR A JAWNS INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR. THIS IS YOUR HOST IN HELL, THE VAULT-KEEPER, READY TO ENTERTAIN YOU IN ONE'S WAY WITH A FAVORITE SELF-TALES FROM MY GROSS-COLLECTION. SO HAVE THE SICKS READY AND I'LL UPSET YOUR STOMACH WITH THE TWISTY-TURNER I CALL...

PEARLY TO DEAD

OUR STORY BEGINS DURING WORLD WAR II, WHEN THE UNITED STATES MARINES WERE Slowly AND Painfully inching across the South Pacific area, invading island battlEING FOR EACH BLOODY ATOLL LEACH JAPANESE-INFESTED CORAL ROCK. ONE INKT BLACK STARLESS NIGHT, A SMALL BOAT MOVED SILENTLY TOWARD THE CORAL REEF THAT RIMMED THE PEACEFUL LAGOON OF ONE OF THESE JAPANESE-HELD ISLANDS. INSIDE, TWO MEN CROUCHED QUIETLY, STUDYING THE DANCING PIERCING ON THE SHORE ACROSS THE PLACID LAGOON...

BETTER DROW THE ANCHOR, RIGHT, LARRY.
PHIL. THIS IS ABOUT AS CLOSE IN AS WE DARE GO WITHOUT BEING SEEN.



THE ANCHOR SLID OVER THE SMALL BOAT'S SIDE AND DROPPED WITH A MUFFLED SPLASH INTO THE BLUDGE PACIFIC. THEN, STRANGELY, THE TWO MEN BEGAN TO UNDRESS...

WHILE I'M CLEARING THE STEEL NETTING, YOU START SETTING THE DEMOLITION CHARGER, PHIL.



THEY STOOD ALMOST NAKED IN THE PACIFIC NIGHT, MUSCLES RIPPLING. THEY BENT AND SLID THE WEIRDLY SHAPED BLACK RUBBER FLIPPIERS ONTO THEIR FEET... PULLED THEIR RUBBER MASKS WITH THE ROUND GLASS WINDOWS OVER THEIR FACES...



READY! GOT THE CHARGERS... TIMERS... FUSES? RIGHT! GOT YOUR WIRE CLIPPERS... UNDERWATER LABY... HAD... SAW!

...AND WENT ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS. THE BUSINESS OF CLEARING THE WAY FOR THE INVASION OF THE FOLLOWING MORNING. THE ONE NAMED LARRY GLIDED DOWNWARD, FLICKING ON HIS LAMP; SEARCHING OUT THE TREACHEROUS PROPELLER-SHATTERING STEEL SETTING...



...AS THE OTHER, THE ONE NAMED PHIL, SWIMMED BELOW THE SURFACE TO THE FILM'S SUNK IN THE LAGOON FLOOR...

AND THERE, SUDDENLY, HE SAW IT... STRETCHING AWAY BELOW HIM IN THE SLOOMY MURKY DARKNESS - THE OISTER BED...



SILENTLY, THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM... THE FABULOUS FROSHES... SLID OVER THE SIDE OF THEIR SMALL BOAT AND INTO THE SHAGGY PACIFIC...



WELL TAKE IT EASY PHIL!

SEE YOU IN A WHILE, LARRY!

WITH THE NETTING SLIPPED AND RAISED AND CUT AWAY AND RENDERED HARMLESS, LARRY SHOT TOWARD PHIL TO HELP PLACE THE DEMOLITION CHARGER, HIS LANTERN BEAM BURNING ACROSS THE SANDY BOTTOM OF THE LAGOON...



AS LARRY CIRCLED OVER THE BED, STUDYING THE ABNORMALLY-LARGE SHELLED SEA CREATURES WITH THEIR PRICELESS-GLOWED GEMS IMBEDDED IN THEIR QUIVERING MEATY BODIES, PHIL GLIDED TOWARD HIM, STARING WILD-EYES...



THE TWO MEN SURFACED BEHIND THEIR BOAT, GASPING FOR BREATH...



DID YOU SEE IT, PHIL? THERE'S BLOOD... THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE IN PEARLS IN THAT OYSTER BED! I'M GOING BACK... GONE DOWN...

DON'T BE A FOOL, LARRY! I'VE SET THE CHARGERS. C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

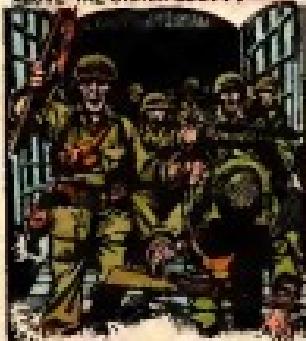
MINUTES LATER, THE SMALL BOAT WAS HURTING SEAWARD. BEHIND THE DEMOLITION CHARGE EXPLODED IN THE PLACID LAGOON DURING THE NIGHT'S BATTLE, WADERS OFFSHORE TO BEGIN THEIR BARRAGE. LARRY SWORE ABOVE THE CHAOS...



WE'LL COME BACK, PHIL! AFTER THIS CRAZY MISS IS OVER, WE'LL COME BACK FOR THOSE PEARLS! WE'LL BE BACK!

SURE, LARRY! SURE...

AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING, THE ASSAULT BOATS STORMED THE QUIET LAGOON, AND PROPELLERS CHURNED BLOOD INTO THE WATERS ABOVE THE OYSTER BED...



THE BEACHHEAD WAR SECURED, THE DEMOLITION TEAM'S WORK WAS DONE. LARRY AND PHIL WERE SHIPPED ELSEWHERE TO OTHER ISLANDS, WITH OTHER LAGOONS...



THEY SAY THIS ATOM BOMB WIRED OUT A WHOLE CITY, PHIL. MAYBE THE JAPS'LL SURRENDER NOW, JACK...

C'MON! STOP DREAMIN' ABOUT THOSE PEARLS! NOW GET AWAY!

V-J DAY! PEACE! IT CAME SUDENLY... AFTER THE SECOND A-BOMB WAS DROPPED. THE JAPANESE SIGNED AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER AND THE WAR WAS OVER...



HEY, PHIL! SHIFTING ORDER! WE'RE GOING HOME! WE'RE GETTING OUT!

LET'S GO...

SAN FRANCISCO'S GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE CAME UP OUT OF THE MIST ONE MORNING. THE TROOPSHIP SLIPPED BEHIND IT AND MOVED IN TOWARDS A PIER WHERE BABES FLAMED AND CHILDREN CHEERED AND WOMEN ROSED HAPPILY.



LOOK, PHIL! THERE'S GLADYS!

GLADYS! WHERE'S GLADYS?

THEY CAME DOWN THE SAMPLASH, TOGETHER, SID BY SID, LARRY AND PHIL. BUT THE GIRL THAT WAITED WITH TEAR-STAINED CHECKS HAD EYES FOR ONLY ONE OF THEM.



FIRE, DARLING...

GLADYS... BABY...

HEY... WHERE DOES AN ALIEN GO TO DENTIST?

LARRY TRIED TO HIDE THE JEALOUS ANGER... THE HURT THAT HE FELT. GLADYS PREFERENCE HAD COME AS A GREAT SHOCK TO HIM...

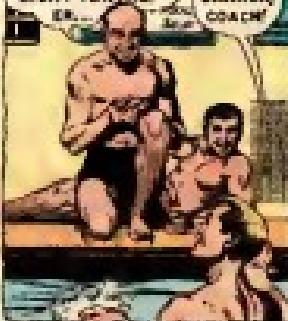


PHIL HAD WON AGAIN. IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT... EVER SINCE THEIR COLLEGE DAYS. THEY'D BOTH COME OUT FOR THE JUNIOR TEAM...



LARRY'S DONE HIS BEST, BUT PHIL... PHIL HAS DONE JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER...

CONGRATULATIONS, BOY THAT BEATS MILES'S TIME BY EIGHT FEET! THE NAME'S PHIL CARMON, COACH!



LARRY AND PHIL HAD BECOME FAST FRIENDS IN COLLEGE, BUT THERE WAS ALWAYS THAT RIVALRY BETWEEN THEM...



NOT ONLY IN THE POOL... BUT ALSO ON THE CAMPUS... HERE, YOU TWO! I WANT YOU TO MEET GLADYS HARDY! GLADYS, MEET OUR TWO SWIM CHAMPS... LARRY MILES AND PHIL CARMON...



WHEN GLADYS HAD COME INTO THEIR LIVES, THE RIVALRY BETWEEN THE TWO BOYS HAD INCREASED. THEY'VE BOTH Fallen IN LOVE WITH HER...



PEARL HARBOR, AND THE U.S. WAS IN A WAR. THE NAVY HAD COME TO LARRY AND PHIL... ASKED THEM TO JOIN THE UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM. AND THEY'VE ACCEPTED...



GLADYS, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU? SAY 'PEACE'... AND I'LL SAY YOU THE BIGGEST ENGAGEMENT RING IN THE STORE...

LARRY I-I LIKE YOU... BUT... WELL, I JUST CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND?

AND NOW THEY WERE BACK FROM THE WAR, STANDARD ON A JAMMED PIKE FULL OF RETURNED SOLDIERS AND SOLDIERS AND HAPPY LOVED ONES, AND PHIL HAD WON AGAIN...



DISCHARGE! CIVILIAN CLOTHES AGAIN! FREEDOM FROM REGIMENTATION—DISCIPLINE! THEY WERE ALL LARRY'S NOW. AND A SECRET, TOO! A MILLION DOLLAR SECRET! JUST ONE THING... ONE THING WASN'T HIS, YET! GLADYS!



LARRY CONVINCED PHIL THAT AFTER HE WAS MARRIED THERE'D BE NO CHANCE TO TRY OUT THEIR EQUIPMENT, AND PHIL RELUCTANTLY AGREED. THEY DROVE OUT TO A LONELY BEACH...



LARRY HAD PLANNED IT ALL SO CAREFULLY! WITH PHIL, DAD, GLADYS, THE SECRET OF THE PEASWEED... EVERYTHING... WOULD BE HIS...



THEY STRUGGLED WILDLY, THERE IN THE FOAMING SURF OF THAT LONELY CALIFORNIA BEACH. LARRY HELD PHIL'S THROAT IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP, UNTIL PHIL'S BODY WENT LIMP AND LIFE LEFT IT AND IT SLIPPED FROM LARRY'S GRASP AND sank beneath the ocean waves...



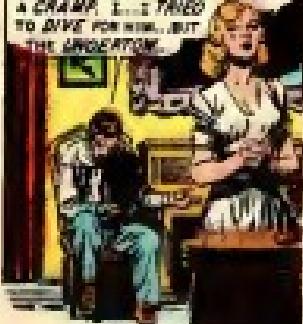
AND LARRY CAME OUT OF THE WATER ALONE WITH A GRIN SMILE ON HIS FACE AND THE STORY HE'D TELL GLADYS SO CLEAR IN HIS MIND...



GLODYS LISTENED TO LARRY AS HE SOBBED OUT THE STORY OF HOW THEY'D GONE SWIMMING...HE AND PHIL...AND PHIL'S BONE DOWN...AND

...AND BEFORE I COULD...
BETTER TO HIM, HE WENT
DOWN FOR GOOD. HE...
HE MUST HAVE GOTTER
A CRAMP, I TALKED
TO DIVE FOR HIM, BUT
THE UNDERDOCT...

NO!
SO...
NO, ON
LORD!



IT WOULD TAKE TIME LARRY DECIDED...TIME FOR GLODYS TO FORGET PHIL. IN THE MEANWHILE, HE WOULD GO TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC...TO THE TINY ATOLL WITH ITS FABULOUS OYSTER BEDS...AND MAKE HIS FORTUNE.

I'LL BE BACK IN
THREE MONTHS,
GLODYS. PERHAPS,
BY THEN YOU WILL
HAVE GOTTER OVER
THIS, AND MAYBE I
TALK AND I...

I'LL NEVER
STOP LOVING
HOW LARRY
HOW NEVER



THE TRIP TO THE ATOLL WAS LONG, BUT LARRY DIDN'T WIND IT. ONCE ON BOARD, HE LOST NO TIME IN MAKING FRIENDS...

BABY, YOU'RE THE
MOST GORGEOUS
DOLL ON THIS SHIP
I, I... GASP

WELL... AND
ON... DON'T
JUST LEAVE
ME ALONE.
JES!



WERE HIS EYES DECEIVING HIM? WAS THE FOAM AND THE SPRAY AND THE CHURNING WATER BEHIND THE SHIP PLAYING TRICKS ON HIM, OR DID HE ACTUALLY SEE THE ILLUMINATED WHITE FACE...



...AND WAS THE FOUL ODOR OF THE SEA AND DECAY AND ROTTING FLESH THAT SEARED HIS NOSTRILS WHEN HE OPENED HIS CABIN DOOR THAT NIGHT JUST LARRY'S IMAGINATION?



WAS IT A DREAM, OR DID LARRY ACTUALLY SEE THE WHITE PULPY HIGH-PINTED FACE IN THE PORTHOLE THAT NIGHT WHEN HE'D BEEN STARTLED OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP...

HURT WHO... WHO... GOOD LORD!



...AND WAS IT THE SEA, OR DID HE ACTUALLY HEAR THAT LAUGHTER... THAT Baffling BLOOD-CURDLING LAUGHTER COMING IN FROM THE MURKY PITS BEYOND THE SHIP THE NIGHT HE STROLLED THE DECK ALONE.



THE SHIP DOCKED AT TAHITI AND LARRY LOST HIS TIME IN HAVING A PLANE TO TAKE HIM SOUTH TO THE ATOLL.

CAN YOU LAND
THIS CRATE IN A
LAGOON? I CAN DROP
IT ON A GAME
MISTER!

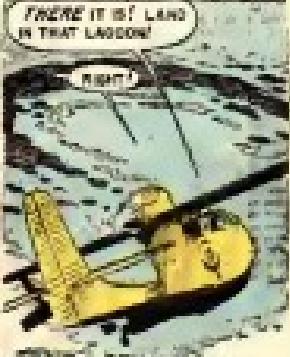


ON THAT PLANE TRIP SOUTH... SKIMMING LOW OVER THE BLUE PACIFIC... WAS LARRY CRAZY... OR MORE SEE IT AGAIN... THERE JUST BELOW HIM... THAT ADDER, PULPY, BLOATED FORM...

S'WATTER,
MISTER CANNONNY
AM SHORT
CHOKES... A
LAFFLE, I
GUESS.



THE ATOLL CAME UP, A PEARL AGAINST A BLUE SATIN SEA-LIVING... GUARDING ITS OWN PEARL TREASURE. LARRY CAST HIS FEARS FROM HIS MIND WHEN HE SAW IT...



THE TINY SEAPLANE CAME DOWN GENTLY AND SAT BOBBING QUIETLY IN THE BLUE LAGOON AS LARRY UNSTRAPPED HIS GEAR, REMOVED THE FLIPPERS AND THE RUBBER GLASS-WINDOWED MASK, AND BEGAN TO UNSTRAP.

HEY! WHAT'S
GOING ON?
YOU COMING
TO GIVE ME
SOMETHING?

YEH THERE'S AN OYSTER BED
IN THIS LAGOON... WITH PEARLS
THE SIZE OF YOUR FIST AND
I'M GOING TO GET ME A FEW.



TINY FISH SCATTERED BEFORE HIM AS LARRY SHOT DOWNTWARD. HE PASSED THE OLD RUSTED NETTLES... THE BURNED ASSAULT BOATS... THE WATER-LOADED BLASTED PILING. AND THEN HE SAW IT... THE OYSTER BED. HE SWAM TOWARD IT... EAGERLY...

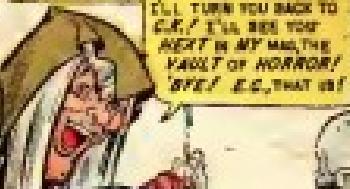


LARRY WAS SO BUSY WRENCHING THE LARGEST OYSTER HE COULD FIND FROM THE SANDY BOTTOM THAT HE NEVER NOTICED THE PUTRID, SLIMY, WHITE FORM DRIFT TOWARD HIM. AND WHEN ITS BLOATED ARMS CLOSED AROUND HIS NECK, AND THE ROTTED FACE GRINNED AT HIM, IT WAS TOO LATE...



PHIL... CHOKES...
IN GLASSES...

HEH, HEH! YEH, KIDDIE! THAT'S MY TAIL. THE PROOF OF THE SEAPLANE WAITED AROUND FOR LARRY TO COME UP FOR SEVERAL HOURS. FINALLY, HE SHRIEKED, WENT THROUGH LARRY'S PANTS, EXTRACTED THE MONEY FROM HIS WALLET TO TURN THE REST OF LARRY'S GEAR INTO THE LAGOON, AND FOOK OFF. AND YOU'LL TAKE OFF WHEN YOU RECEIVE YOUR HIT FROM THAT E.O. FAN-ADDICT CLUB, NOW.



I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO
C.E. I'LL SEE YOU
NEXT IN MY NEXT, THE
VAULT OF HORROR!
BYE! E.O., THAT'S

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Hoh, hoh! The story and I'm getting bushy! Nobody writes criticizing me anymore—nobody writing threatening letters! Now all I get is poetry—song titles—book titles—and presents! Books like the whole country's gone crazy! Well, as Lincoln used, "To gods give the people what they want." Illinois said THAT—and Texas, TOO! Lincoln, he runs a diverse movie empire outside of Omaha. He makes Speculations in 3-D pictures. Only cars equipped with padded woodruffs allowed. I.O.U., fast! We thought you meant IN VAIN! Letters—well, I INVITE Letters! What does HE do? He goes around writing... To quote give the people what they want—and I DO! HEM! So everyone, here are the latest additions to EC's HORROR HIT PARADE, suggested by Harriet and Stanley Channing of Spring Valley, New York; Bill Rose and Lee Mazzoni of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mike Laskin of Philly; F. Woods of Wisconsin, Vi. Donald Esposito of Chicago; Tony D'Amato and Gregory Romano of N.Y.C.; Dorothy Stevens of Ardmore, Pa.; Marianne Bryan of Indianapolis, Ind.; Dennis Borucki of Green Springs, Mass.; and Peggy DeMars and Lloyd Golin of Detroit, Mich.

TERRESTRIAL SCREAM (from SLIME-LIGHT)
BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL GROUND EYES
AFTER THE MAIL IS OVER
SEVEN BLOODYEYES NIGHTS (MALE ONE
VAMPIRE WEAK)
I BELIEVE THAT FOR EVERY DROP OF
BLOOD THAT FALLS, A VAMPIRE GROWS!
WITH A TONG IN MY HEART
I'M SLITTING BY THE WINDOW UNWATCHING
THE BLOOD DROPS FALL!
LYMM-BATS ARE A-COMIN'
WITH THESE GLANDS
THE SQUEAL OF TORTURE
I'M WINCING WITH SPARS IN MY THROAT
RATTLE HYMN OF THE REPULSIVE
TO THE FAULTS AGAIN WITH YOU
ON THE TAINTED SIDE OF THE MEAT
SQUEASY YOU WERE HERE!
WHO'S GOAT MOM?
DEEP IN THE MEAT OF TEX
WITH MY HEAD WIDE OPEN I'M SCREAMING
WHEN YOU GORE HER TWO-LIFE
YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME OGRAR TO
IDA TASTES LIKE APPLE CIDER
THE GIRL THAT I BURN
SEND ME ONE DOZEN MORES
JUNE IS QUASHING OUT ALL OVER

ADD THESE NEW HORROR ADDITIONS to our LITERATURE LIBRARY, just along by Harry Crews of Dallas, Texas; Jimmy Lee of Finsville, W. Va.; and Harry Morris of Springfield, Ill.

BOURG FAMILY ROBINSON
WITNESSING SIGHTS
HOW GREEN WAS MY SALLY
THE LASH OF THE MOHICANS

THE GUARD OF OXEN
GREAT EXPECOTORATIONS AND
GREAT REQUERATIONS
AGONY AND CLEOPATRA
ROMEO—THE GHOUL HE ET
LORNATE DOOM

And now for some MORRID MOVIES, produced by Devil Gould of Great Lake Screen, Maine, and his Campbell and Amato Alexander of Waycross, N.C.—

A STREETCAR MAINED MY SIRE
THE AFRICAN'S SPLINTER
HIGH BROWNS
MING REE
CALL ME MAD MAN
THE GREATEST CHOICE ON EARTH
WRONG SOLOMON'S SPINE
THE FARMER TAKES A LIFT

New PULSATING FOGBOMBS, directed by Wolf Andrews of Melrose, Mass., and Willard Johnson of Jackson, Miss.

HATCHET SQUAD
BLIND MATE
MONSTER DAY
MARTIN SLAIN
SCARY MOON
ROB HOPE
DEAD SKELETON

Last and probably soon some PERVERTED POERTY

BANQUET

We had some friends in to dinner.
Everything was perfectly swell.
But mother spoiled the party.
She simply didn't taste well!

—John Elton Clark
Brooklyn, N.Y.

AUCTION

Mickey, Dickey, Dock,
Mrs. Head, Baloo off the Rock

Now that the entertainment's over, which one has made the commotion: EC FAN-ADICT CLUB?

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CHOICE!

The ground was soft and clinging as Farraday slipped out of the thick forest surrounding the prison wall. There was a heavy mist rising from the ground, and all around him he could hear the incessant clamor of the jungle. The long, dark foliage swayed eerily in the hot night air... it would partially cover the sound of his feet moving through the oozy jungle lanes.

Farraday moved along stealthily, like a hunted animal, his plan of escape churning in his mind. If he could creep through the jungle into the miserable little seacoast town and hide in one of the grimy steamboats moored at the crumbling wharfs, in a week or so he'd probably be gone forever from this cursed tropical penal colony. The discomfort and pain of escaping through the jungle was nothing compared to the prospect of another five years in prison, Farraday thought to himself. He HAD to get away, at all cost, for he could never live through the prison sentence, anyway. The giant flies and vicious mosquitoes and stinging, blood-sucking spiders swarming over the camp by the millions would eat him alive long before he was ready for release!

Farraday paused momentarily, listening intently for a sound of alarm. Then he straightened up, ignoring the fact that his tattered hands were trembling with nervousness, and plunged on through the sniffling undergrowth. They hadn't discovered yet that he was gone... every minute he could gain would help immeasurably in his getaway.

He was coming to clearer ground now: the earth was dry and sun-parched, the trees were spaced further apart and the grass was lower and less matted. He'd have to be careful here, for he could be spotted as he moved through the open valley. He crouched again and

moved slower, his body bent like an ape swinging along the jungle floor. About 50 yards he proceeded, then his heart almost stopped beating: a shrill whistle had sounded far back. His escape had been detected! In another moment the guards would be overrunning him and dragging him back to that insect-infested hell behind the towering stone walls!

Farraday knew his only chance was to dig a shallow grave and slip into it, praying that the darkness of the night would hide him. With a frenzy born of desperation he began to scoop up the earth at his feet; in a few moments he had cleared a patch large enough for his body. He dropped face-down into it without a second's hesitation.

Almost before he had drawn another breath he was aware of a clammy tangling spreading over his exposed flesh. It was pitch-black, but he knew without seeing what it was that was swarming over him: he had plunged headlong into a nest of white maggots! Already they were tearing at his skin, their stinging pincers probing his cheeks and jaw, sinuous lines striking into his nostrils and mouth. His eyelids felt as if they had caught fire... but Farraday didn't move a muscle. Even as he felt the stabbing pain at his throat and realized that the skin of his chest, inside his shirt, was being torn loose, he could think of only one thing. He was in fiery agony, but if only he could stay here in this shallow trench, the guards would never find him! And as his mind reeled and his body writhed uncontrollably... as his blood trickled from a thousand deadly wounds... he was solaced by one thought: if the guards couldn't find him, he wouldn't have to endure the horrors of prison life again... wouldn't be assailed by giant flies and the savage spiders!



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HERE'S A BUBBLY LITTLE TALE OF
TITANIC TERROR! I CALL IT...

PRAIRIE SCHOONER



MILDRED JACKSON RUMBLED OPEN THE DOOR OF HER HOUSE AND SQUEELED WITH JOY. HE STOOD ON THE PAINT-STRIPPED FRONT PORCH, DRESSED PRETENTIOUSLY IN HIS CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM, HIS FACE BRONCHED FROM FORTY YEARS ALONE. HIS EYES COLD AND RECKLESS, HIS MOUTH HEMMED TWO SUIT CASES BEHIND HIM...



MILDRED LED EZRA INTO THE PARLOR...



THAT WAS HOW EZZA JACKSON CAME TO LIVE WITH HIS SISTER MILEY. AT FIRST, MILEY WAS VERY HAPPY TO HAVE HIM. AFTER ALL, SHE HAD AN OLD MAN... AND EZZA WAS COMPANY. BUT AS TIME WENT ON, EZZA BEGAN TO DO STRANGE THINGS.

EZZA! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT THROUGH YOUR SPY-GLASS?

HOW?



ONE NIGHT, MILEY WAS ROUSED OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP BY HEART PAINS SHAKING HER ROUGHLY...



IT WAS DIVINE TO POOR MILEY THAT HER ELDER BROTHER WAS ILL... MENTALLY ILL. THE SIGHT OF BEING RETIRED HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM. HIS MIND HAD SNAPPED. HE FANCIED HIMSELF AT SEA AGAIN... THE HOUSE, HIS SHIP... AND SHE, HIS CREW.



I SAW WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT WITH YOUR SPY-GLASS!

H-NOTHING, MILEY! I WAS JUST WATCHING THAT SHIP ON THE HORIZON.

SNIFF! THIS IS KANSAS! THERE ARENT ANY SHIPS OR THE HORIZON. THERE ISN'T ANY WATER... FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES!



FROM THAT NIGHT ON, MILEY WAS FORCED TO "STAND WATCH" SHE HAD TO MOVE THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE OLD HOUSE FROM TWO AM. TO DAWN, CARRYING A LANTERN AND SHOUTING...



Y-YES, CAPTAIN JACKSON.

MILLY HAD BEEN A SCHOOL TEACHER IN HER YOUNGER YEARS. SHE'S WORKED HARD AND MANAGED TO SAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF MONEY. SHE'D USED PART OF IT TO BUY THE HOUSE SHE NOW LIVES IN. THE REST, SHE'D INVESTED WHEREVER SHE'D BEEN ABLE TO LIVE COMFORTABLY. BUT WITH ERRA'S ARRIVAL, HER MEAGER INCOME WAS NOT ENOUGH...



SO MILLY WAS FORCED TO EARN EXTRA MONEY TO AUGMENT THE SMALL INCOME SHE DERIVED FROM HER INVESTMENTS. SHE HAD TO TAKE IN WASHING.



ERRA STOOD IN THE CENTER OF THE CELLAR FLOOR, STARING ABOUT HIM WITH WIDE BLEAKING EYES...



MILLY WAS HELPLESS. SHE HAD NO OTHER CHOICE... EXCEPT, PERHAPS, TO HAVE ERRA PUT AWAY. SO SHE CALLED IN A CARPENTER... A PLUMBER...



EZRA STORMED ABOUT IN THE CELLAR, SHOUTING OUT HIS ORDERS...

TOP OUT THOSE WINDOWS,
CLOSE 'EM UP. PUT UP FALSE
WALLS. BARREDOVY PANLED
WALLS. SET IN FORT HOLES.
REAL FORT HOLES... THAT GREAT!

YES, MR.
JACKSON.

CAPTAIN JACKSON! PUT OCEAN
SCENES BEHIND THE FORT HOLES.
MASS SHIPS' LANTERNS AROUND.
PUT IN A BONE, A HAM LEG, A MEAT.
MAKE EVERYTHING AUTHENTIC. THIS
IS MY SHIP!

YES,
CAPTAIN!



AND POOR MILLY WITHDRAWN HER LIFE'S SAVINGS
FROM HER INVESTMENTS TO PAY FOR THE HOMELESS.

4,500... 5,000 DOLLARS!
HERE YOU ARE, MR. SUMNER!

THANK YOU,
MA'AM. I HOPE
YOUR BROTHER
IS HAPPY WITH
THE JOB WE DID!



"BELLOW" IN HIS SHIP'S QUARTERS, CAPTAIN JACKSON MELLOVED...

STAND BY TO CAST OFF. ENGINE ROOM,
FULL SPEED ASTERN, ALL HANDS,
MAN YOUR STATIONS! ON THE DOUBLE...



MILLY CAME "AHOY!" CARRYING HER LAUNDRY
BASKET FILLED WITH THE WASH SHE'D BEEN
TAKING IN...

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU
DOING DOWN HERE WITH
THAT?

I'VE GOT TO DO
THE SHIP'S
LAUNDRY, CAPTAIN
I'VE...

EZRA STRUCK OUT SEVERELY...

YOU'LL DO THE LAUNDRY ON DECK,
YOU SCULLION BEGGIN'. GET OUT
OF MY QUARTERS...

OWWWWW...



WITH HER INVESTMENTS WIPE OUT AND THE INCOME FROM THEM GONE, MILLY HAS TO TAKE IN MORE WASH THAN SHE COULD HANDLE IN ORDER TO MEET EXPENSES, AND EZRA'S ABUSE BECAME WORSE AND WORSE . . .

"SCRUB OUT THAT HEAD, YOU FO'GUE BRUDGE!"

"EEH, CAPTAIN!"

Poor Milly would escape every chance she could get, and lock herself in the upstairs bathroom in order to do the wash in the tub. And as she scrubbed, she would listen to Ezra's ranting and raving.

"EASE THE HELM! GIVE 'ER MORE RUDDER! STEADY AS YOU GO! HARD APORT! STEADY! STEADY GO!"

"EEE...EEE..."



ONE HOT SUMMER'S DAY, EZRA STOOD AT THE OPEN PORT HOLE, SHOUTING OUT AT THE SEA-SCAPE SCENE BEYOND . . .

"AHY! AHY! THERE'S SHIP AHY! HOLD FAST, STAND BY!"

WHILE UPSTAIRS, DIRECTLY OVER-HEAD IN THE BATHROOM, MILLY PANTED OVER A LOAD OF WASH . . .



THE HOT WATER, RUNNING INTO THE TUB OVER THE SOAKING CLOTHES, SENT UP CLOUDS OF STEAM WHICH FILLED THE LOCKED BATHROOM . . .



SUDDENLY MILLY CLUTCHED AT THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN IN HER CHEST, TOPPLING OVER . . .

"AHHH..."



AS HER HEART FADED AND HER LIFE FADED WITH IT, THE BOILING WATER OVERFLOWED THE TUB, POOLING ABOUT HER FROSTBITE FEET, BANKING THROUGH THE BATHROOM FLOOR . . .



IN HIS CELLAR SHIP'S QUARTERS, CAPTAIN JACKSON LISTENED AS THE WATER, LEAKING DOWN FROM THE OVER-FLOWING BATHTUB ABOVE, FILLED THE SPACE BETWEEN THE FALSE MAHOGANY PANNELED WALLS AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE HOUSE...

STORMY SEA TONIGHT! BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES. WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW.



THE CELLAR FILLED WITH STEAM, CAPTAIN JACKSON STUMBERED TO THE PORT HOLES, SLAMMED THEM SHUT. THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER CRUMPLED THE PANNELED WALLS...

ABANDON SHIP! WE'RE SINKING!



...UNTIL THE RISING HOT WATER REACHED HIS CHIN... HIS NECK...POURED INTO HIS MOUTH AND STERED HIS TONGUE... HIS THROAT... HIS LUNGS...

BLUGG...
BLUGG...



SUDDENLY, THE WATER BEGAN TO POUR THROUGH THE OPEN PORT HOLES...

"ALL HANDS! ALL HANDS! WE'RE DROWNING ON WATER! MAN THE BILGE PUMPS. SECURE THE BOLTS!"



SLOWLY THE WATER ROSE IN THE CELLAR, BOILING, BUBBLING, BUSTING EZZA'S ARMED BODY. BUT HE STUBBORNLY STOOD FAST...

ABANDON SHIP! THE CAPTAIN MUST REMAIN...



HOLY CREEP! YEP, HIDDEN. THAT'S MY BURIED MARINE OFFERING. EZZA FINALLY ERGED UP... IN HOT WATER! THIS IS THE FIRST CASE ON RECORD, BY THE WAY, OF A CAPTAIN GOING DOWN WITH HIS SHIP IN THE MIDDLE OF A KANSAS PRAIRIE... IN A CELLAR! AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE CRYPTKEEPER WHO IS WAITING TO FIND OUT MY REA... RAG! REMEMBER! IF YOU'RE A FEAR AND AN ADDICT... JOIN THE E.C. FAR-ADDET CLUB! YEE, HOW



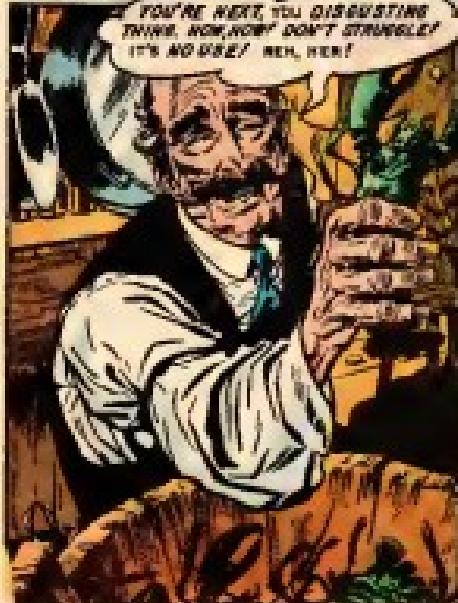
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEH, HEH! AND NOW, IT'S MORNING-MEAL-TIME. WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR, GREECE. THIS IS YOUR REVOLTING RESTAURATEUR, THE OLD WITCH, READ TO SLING SLIME...AND END UP GLAD ENOUGH FOR THIS SODGITH ISSUE. CARE FOR SOME SEA FOOD? WELL, HERE'S A TASTY TERROR TIP-BIT TO TURN YOUR STOMACH. I CALL THIS SLOP-SERVIN'...

HALF-BAKED!

CALVIN DURAN STOOD IN THE SPOTLESS KITCHEN OF "THE SEA SHELL RESTAURANT" STARING IN HORROR FASCINATION AT THE SQUIRMING, BLUE-SKINNED, SPINY-LOBBED CLAWED CREATURES THAT SCRATCHED DIRTY AROUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BUTTER TUB. CAUTIOUSLY, HE REACHED IN AND PULLED ONE OF THEM FROM THE TUB, HOLDING IT UP. HE LAUGHED MADICALLY.

"YOU'RE NEXT, YOU DISGUSTING THING. NOW, NOW! DON'T STRUGGLE! IT'S NO USE! HEH, HEH!"



CALVIN REACHED FOR A KNIFE, REPLACED THE STRUGGLING LOBSTER, WILLY-NILL ON THE RUSTIC WOODEN KITCHEN TABLE AND CRUSHED DOWN AT IT.



THE LOBSTER SQUINCHED. CALVIN FORCED THE KNIFE BLADE AGAINST ITS SOFT-SKILLED UNDERSIDE AND, WITH A SLIGHT SWINGING MOTION, CRUSHED IT THROUGH. THE LOBSTER, NOW PRACTICALLY SEVERED IN HALF, STILL WRINCKLED ITS SPINY LEGS AND WAVED ITS HUGE CLAWS ANGRILY...

CALVIN MOVED THE THRASHING SPLIT LOBSTER INTO A RACK AND SLID IT INTO THE STONE, BELOW THE LION-ROARING FLAMES OF THE Brazier...

AND NOW, WE BROKE YOU ALIVE.
WE LISTEN TO YOU HISSE AND POP
UNTIL YOU TURN ORANGE-RED
AND YOU STOP YOUR GROWLING...



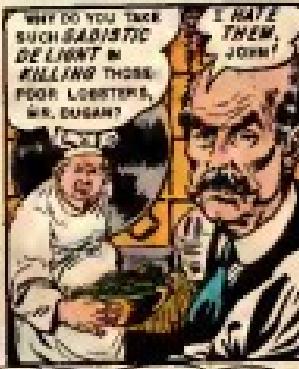
CALVIN STARES INTO THE STONE
AT THE SIZZLING LOBSTER. HIS
EYES BLINKED ALMOST MANIACALLY
AS HE WATCHED ITS STRUGGLING
ABATE...

CALVIN GRINNED...

I MUST LOWER THE FLAME
SO THAT THE NEXT ONE WILL
BE SLOWER!



BEHIND CALVIN, THE NEW YORK
RESTAURANT'S CHEF SHOOK HIS
HEAD AS HE WATCHED HIS EMPLOYER...



CALVIN'S FACE GREW GRIM AS HE TURNED TO HIS CHEF...

I HATE UGLY AND HORRIBLE
CREATURES! HORRIBLE CREATURES SHOULD
DIE HORRIBLY!

A LOBSTER IS A
LIVING THING, MR.
DURAN. NO LIVING
THING SHOULD BE
MADE TO SUFFER



A LOBSTER IS HIDEOUS...
WELL, IT DESERVES TO
SUFFER, JOHN. IT IS OWN
WICKEDNESS MERITS AN
UGLY DEATH...

PERHAPS... TO A
LOBSTER... IT IS YOU
WHO ARE UGLY,
MR. DURAN!



MEANWHILE, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A FEW MILES UP THE BEACOAST FROM THE SEA SHELL RESTAURANT, A FISHERMAN GUIDED HIS PROUD OVER THE TOSHING OCEAN SWELLS TO A CORK FLOAT FROM WHICH FLEW A TATTERED FLAG.

"THE LAST ONE. IF THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS ONE, WE WILL HAVE NO MONEY FOR FOOD!"



FINALLY, THE LOBSTER TRAP BURSTED, AND THE FOUL SCENT OF THE FISH HEAD, PLACED WITHIN IT AS BAIT, SEARED THE FISHERMAN'S NOSTRILS...

"EMPTY! ALL EMPTY! NOT ONE LOBSTER IN ANY OF MY POTS."



THE FISHERMAN ENTERED HIS DINGY SHACK AND SAT DOWN WEAKLY...

"PERHAPS TOMORROW... TOMORROW... WE HAVE SAID THAT FOR TWO WEEKS!"



THE FISHERMAN PULLED UP BESIDE THE BOBBING MARKER AND PULLED IT INTO HIS SEA SHIPP. SLOWLY, TENACIOUSLY, HE HAULED IN THE DRIPPING LINE THAT WAS FASTENED TO THE CORK FLOAT...

"I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT. ALL ALONG THE COAST, OTHER LOBSTER FISHERMEN ARE FINDING TWO, MAYBE THREE LOBSTERS IN EACH OF THEIR POTS. FOR TWO WEEKS NOW, I HAVE NOT FOUND ONE!"



DADDY, THE FISHERMAN SWUNG HIS INSEARD BACK TO THE BEACH WHERE A WOMAN AND CHILD STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF A WIND-SCARRED SHACK, WAITING...

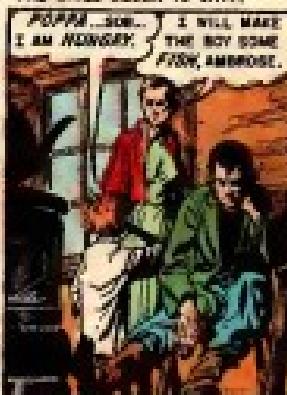
"WELL, AMBROSE? ANY LUCK?"

"NOT A ONE, LUCY! NOT ONE LOBSTER! I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT."



THE CHILD BEGAN TO CRY...

"POPPA... DAD... I AM HUNGRY. I WILL MAKE THE BOY SOME FISH, AMBROSE."



"FROM THE SON PROUD WHILE LUCK LOBSTERS COULD BUY HIM BULK, LOBSTERS BRING A GOOD PRICE, BUT I CANNOT CATCH THEM! MY POTS ARE EMPTY!"



THE JEW-SELL RESTAURANT WAS NOTED FOR ITS BOILED LOBSTER. PEOPLE CAME FROM MILES AROUND TO FEAST ON THE SUCULENT WHITE MEAT DIPPED IN BUTTER SAUCE. CALVIN DUMAN DID A THRIFTY BUSINESS.



JOHN NODDED AND LEFT. CALVIN LISTENED AS THE CAR MOTOR ECHOED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, THEN TURNED TO THE ALMOST EMPTY TAB...



THE INDECENT MOTOR COUGHED AND SPUTTERED, THEN BEGAN TO HUM EVENLY. CALVIN GUIDED THE SHIP OUT INTO THE OPEN SEA...



AFTER CLOSING TIME THAT NIGHT, JOHN, THE CHEF, REMAINED CALVIN...



He moved down the beach to where a sea skiff was moored. Untying it, Calvin pushed the craft into the oncoming breakers.



A FEW MILES OUT, HE PULLED UP BESIDE A BOBBING MARKER FROM WHICH A TATTERED FLAG FLAPPED...



AMBROSE, THE LOBSTER FISHERMAN, PROSSES THE FLOOR OF HIS SHINY SHACK. LUCY, HIS WIFE, WATCHES HIM WITH SAD EYES...



AMBROSE POINTED OUT TO SEA. OUT TO THE DISTANT TORMY SWELLS...

SOMEONE'S OUT THERE! AMBROSE! THAT'S WHY MY LOBSTER POTS ARE ALWAYS EMPTY. SOMEONE IS STEALING MY LOBSTERS...



AMBROSE WAS OUT OF THE DOOR OF HIS WEATHER BEATEN SHACK IN A FLASH...

AMBROSE! COME BACK! I'LL GET HIM, LUCY! I'LL GET HIM!



SUDDENLY CALVIN LOOKED UP. SCARCELY ONE HUNDRED FEET AWAY, ANOTHER SEA SNAFF GLIDED TOWARD HIM SILENTLY...



IT'S THE LOBSTER FISHERMAN. HE MUST HAVE ROWED OUT. THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T HEAR HIM! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

AMBROSE STOPPED PROWLING. HE LISTENED. FAR AWAY OVER THE BOAR OF THE SURF FOUNDING THE NEARBY BEACH, AMBROSE HEARD A SOUND - A DULL HUMMING SOUND...



A SEA SNAFF...OUT THERE IN THE NIGHT SO THAT'S IT F...

WHAT IS IT, AMBROSE?

TWO BEAUTIES! THAT'S SEVENTEEN ALREADY - AND THE ONLY RAIDS HALF OF HIS TRAPS...



CALVIN STRUGGLED WITH HIS INBOARD, TRYING TO STOP IT. THE OTHER SEA SNAFF PULLED ALONGSIDE. THE FISHERMAN IN IT SLARED AT HIM WITH BURNING EYES...

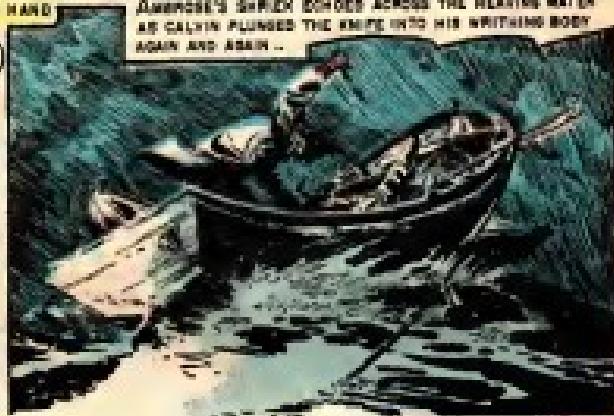
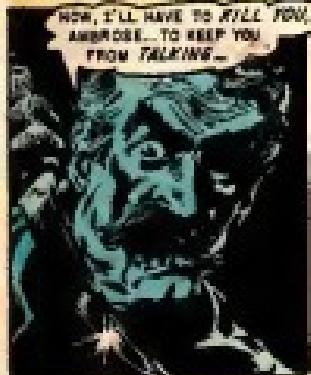


SO? NO WONDER MR. DUGAN HADN'T BOTHERED TO STOP BY LATELY TO SEE IF I HAD ANY LOBSTER TO SELL.. HE KNEW!

I KEEP AWAY FROM YOU! KEEP AWAY! I BURN YOU!



THE KNIFE BLADE IN CALVIN DURANT'S HAND
SHINNED IN THE MOONLIGHT...



THEN, CALVIN LASHED AMBROSE INTO HIS SEA SHIP...



SLOWLY, THE BOAT, WITH AMBROSE'S BODY, BANK BELOW THE TOSSED OCEAN WAVES.



GALVIN STARTED HIS HARBOR AND GUIDED HIS SEA SKIFF BACK TO THE BEACH...



...AND LOADED THE BUTTERTUBS WITH THE STOLEN LOBSTERS INTO HIS CAR TRUNK...



HE'S STARTED HOME—ROADING DOWN THE COAST ROAD AT BREAKNECK SPEED...WHEN THE SLOW-CUT "COUPLED..."



AS GALVIN'S LURCHING CAR SPUN OVER, THE STEERING WHEEL SHATTERED, RIPPING INTO HIS BODY...TEARING...FLASHING...

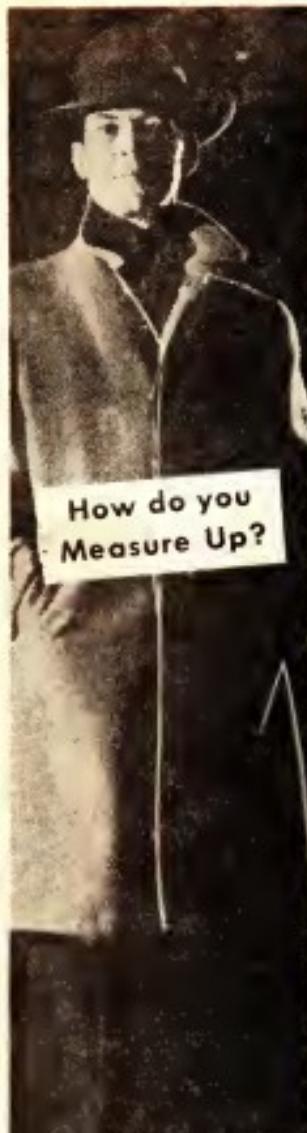


HE LAY THERE, PINED, BURNING. HIS BODY ALMOST SPLITT IN TWO, AS THE OVERURNED CAR CAUGHT FIRE AND THE FLAMES LICKED AT HIM AND HE SCREAMED AND SHATTERED AND WAS BURNED ALIVE.



HEE, HEE! THAT'S MY STORY, KIDNESS! GALVIN ENDED UP LIKE THE LOBSTER HE'D BEEN STEALING. WHEN I CAME UPON HIS BURNING CAR, HE WAS JUST ABOUT DONE. I WAS SO MAD THERE WASN'T A DROP OF BUTTER SAUCE AROUND! AND FALLING ABOUT SAUCE, YO' SURE BUTTER HURT UP AND JOIN THE E.G. FAR-ADDICT CLUB! REMEMBER, MEMBERSHIP IS LIMITED TO 150,000,000 PEOPLE. SO DON'T LOSE OUT! GET YOUR FULL-COLOR CERTIFICATE, YOUR EMBROIDERED PATCH, YOUR WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, AND YOUR HARDBOUND LEATHER JAR. FOR DETAILS, FIELD D.E.'S COLUMN!





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Name _____

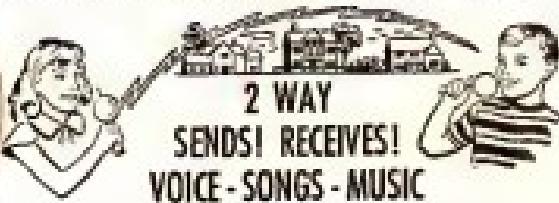
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NEW! 1953 "Space Commander" VIBRO-MATIC WALKIE-TALKIES

2 PHONES ONLY

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Thrills & Fun Galore!

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Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 31 lbs.
and 4½ inches on
my chest, 3 inches
on my arms. I am
never constipated."
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"I gained 34 lbs.
and increased my
chest 6 inches!"
—Henry Lynn, Calif.

"What difference!
I have put 3½
inches on my chest
(normal) and 2½
inches expanded!"
—F. L., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.
When I started

your course I
weighed only 141.
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are
wonderful. The first
week my arm increased
one inch,
my chest two
inches!"
—E. M., Gran.

"You changed me
from a weakling to
a real big man.
My chest has gone
up 5 inches. I am
a solid mass of
muscle!"
—J. W., Rochester

"I gained 29 lbs.
When I started

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vine-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cream your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up in the morning with a sleeping energy of yours and make it burn like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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- (Check as many as you like)
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to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—any way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

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